

Talk to Me

by Sonia

Category: Water Rats

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-07 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-07 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:39:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,535

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Communication isn't everything in a relationship. It's the only damn thing

Talk to Me

> <meta name="Generator"> It would have been easier to rip her heart out

Talk to Me

By Sonia

Summary: Communication isn't everything in a relationship. It's the only damn thing. A continuation of my series on the growing love affair between Constable Emma Woods and Snr Cst Tommy Tavita. Other installments were Breathe, When Tommy Met Emma, Genesis and Shadows and Light.

Disclaimer â€" I wish I had some ownership rights over these characters but I don't. Thank you to Southern Star for creating such rich and wonderful characters for fan fiction writers to play with.

Dedication: To the one who reminded me of the value of trust â€" you know who you are.

It would have been easier to rip her heart out.

He had no right to do this to her. She felt totally violated.

They always said it was the fall that killed you and not the landing.

The flame within her soul had been frozen; maybe it would never thaw out again.

Emma Woods was shaking with rage, fear and raw emotion. The least Tommy could have done was talked to her rather than just leaving a note saying he was taking long service leave and heading to Samoa indefinitely. The note had gone into some bullshit about a family crisis but by that stage Emma didn't care. As much as she loved Tommy, the lack of communication over such an important issue ranked right alongside sleeping with someone else in terms of a betrayal of trust.

Like a wounded animal, she was hurting inside and out. Lashing out at someone or something was the only way out.

She and Tommy had always believed that communication was everything given the crazy hours they both worked meant they might not see each other for several days. Where did they stand? Was everything okay between them?

Oh, who the fuck knew the answer anyway.

Emma sat on the end of the pier, staring out into the Harbour, her mind blank. She believed she must have been a mermaid in another life as quite often, just looking at the water gave her peace but today the churning waves mirrored her heart and mind.

She jumped as she felt the touch of a hand on her shoulder. Tayler Johnson sat on the edge of the wharf and gave her long time friend a hug.

"Hiya, Helen told me you would be down here.

"Nothing changes Tayler, you still can't get any privacy around this joint when all you want to do is fall apart in peace.

"What's up?

Emma handed Tayler the scrap of paper which had been folded and unfolded many times as Woodsie tried to make sense of why Tommy had ran from her and their relationship.

"Oh my god." Tayler stretched those three simple words out to eight or nine syllables. "No wonder you're looking like you'd been hit by a bus."

"Gee thanks. I thought you were my friend. I love him Tayler and I'm about two seconds away from jumping on a plane to track him down and sort this out.

"You're due for some time off soon aren't you?

"Yeah and your point is?

"Get your butt down to a travel agent and book the first flight to Samoa. The two of you have fought so hard to get it together, don't let it go now. Besides if women waited around for the men of this world to get something done, we would have only just discovered fire.

"Yeah, I know - behind every successful manâ€¦|.

"Is one really amazed woman." Tayler and Emma finished one of their

pet phrases in unison.

"Come on, let's head inside for a cuppa and we can annoy the crap out of Syksie and Tommy's replacement.

"Oh, who did they get to replace him?

"A bloke by the name of Matt Quinn. He's from WA originally and a bit of a flirt. I think he fancies himself as God's gift to women.

"Sheesh Woodsie, when will men ever learn that us girls are experts at returning unwanted gifts?"

Emma was still laughing as she held the station door open for Tayler and let Jack and Mick out. The two men could only shake their heads and mutter something about women having weird senses of humour.

The rest of Emma's day was a busy one as fatigue began to take on a new meaning for her. She and Lance Rorke, the senior sergeant who had taken over the section after Dave retired, were involved in an operation recovering submerged stolen cars just off the Heads.

She fell into bed that night and for once, she was able to fall asleep without the unanswered questions Tommy's departure posed, pursuing her into a fitful slumber.

Emma's dreamless sleep was shattered by a loud, shrill noise.

Oh, shit â€" the phone at 3am? Why does a phone always seem loud enough to wake the zombies at that hour? No, she wasn't on call. What the heck was going on?

"Hello?

"Hey Emma, it's me.

"Tommy, do you have any damn idea of the time difference? What's the go of leaving with just a note on my pillow?

"This was something I had to do. I realise I was a coward for running out on you. I had to ring you and explain.

"Damn you Tavita, are you still the least bit interested in me?

"Babe, I love you and this was something I had to do.

"Why? You should have talked to me "

The silence at the end of the phone line yawned wider than the Sydney Heads. Emma sucked in a breath not sure if she really wanted to hear Tommy's answer.

"What we had was so perfect it frightened me. You and I were and are so close in tastes and outlook on life, it was heaven. I had something that beautiful with Rhonda but I lost it when we began to get closer. The risk I took - when I told her about my fears and asked her to marry me - was one I never thought I would even take. When she died it was like someone had reached inside and ripped by

heart out. I swore I would never feel that way again," Tommy took a deep breath. This was harder than he thought it was going to be.

"Why Samoa? I don't plan on catching my high heel on a pier somewhere and falling in.

"Emma, that was way out of line. The closer we became the more I felt the need to run.

"Shit Tommy, I'm not that bloody scary, you could have and should have been able to tell me you were frightened about. Communication isn't everything in a relationship, it's the only damn thing. Talk to me you bastard.

"What do you think I am doing?

"Okay, why did you find it easier to head to Samoa? Was it genuinely a family crisis?

"No, but I can explain.

"Explain what? The need to lie to me because you were scared of giving something good that is ultimately still so young and fragile a chance to develop in whatever way it wants to? You mean to say you've got the courage to stay inside a sinking boat for longer than what's probably wise but don't have the courage to talk to me about what you're feeling.

Tommy tucked the receiver under his chin and wiped away a tear. He didn't start this conversation with Emma only to self-sabotage one of the best things to happen in his life for a while. Why were they both fingering the self-destruct button?

"Physical courage is easy to come by Emma, emotional courage is so much harder. In Sydney and being near you I felt vulnerable in about 10 different ways. The one person I wanted to confide in about my fears was the one who scared me the most. When Jeff said I had to take this long service leave, I needed to go somewhere safe, where I could take these feelings out and examine them. Basically, I just want and need to make friends with myself again," Tommy's voice wavered as his traditional self confidence flowed away from him.

Emma held his entire heart and soul in her hands and Tommy knew she had the power to crush him as easily as a size nine boot did a cockroach.

"Just keep talking to me Tommyâ€¦just keep talking to meâ€¦.we can get through this. TOMMY!"

The phone line went dead and Tommy replaced the receiver before resting his head in his hands.

"I love you Emma â€" hang in there. I'll be back when I can but I've got to slay my own dragons on this one."

Finis

End
file.